

RUTLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Quarterly

VOLUME 37 No. 3

2007

Life on the Dickinson Farm



DICKINSON FAMILY

Jonathan Reynolds built the house on the Dickinson Farm (above) sometime before 1804. He had purchased the land from Colonel James Mead for three or four otter skins. In the early 1800s he sold the farm to his son Morris Reynolds. Other members of the Reynolds family built homes up and down the valley.

About the Author

David Franklin Dickinson, Jr. was born in the Dickinson Farmstead home, located on Route 3 (formerly the East Proctor Road), on 28 July 1927. His parents were Addie Shedd Dickinson and David Franklin Roosevelt Dickinson. He has lived and worked on this farm for his entire life. David, also known as "Buster" and "Dave", attended rural Center Rutland School and graduated from Rutland High School. As a young boy he worked on the farm and in its dairy helping to deliver milk by horse and wagon, and later by truck, to homes in the Rutland and Pittsford areas. He continued to work the farm with his son and other hired help until 1989. He was the Rutland Town Pound keeper prior to the SPCA. He was elected Town Moderator for two terms, and he advocated for farmers in Vermont at the county, state, and national levels. He was a founder of the Vermont Dairy Emergency Council that led a delegation to Washington, D.C. He has advocated for the Rural Home Health Care programs, and is an InterAge program participant today. David's great commitment to preserving open, natural habitat for animals, as well as his love of all farm life is second only to his love of family and community. He has always enjoyed sports, reading, writing and a really good joke.

The Farm

The Dickinson Farm, between Center Rutland and Proctor on Route 3, was known as the Grafton Griggs farm for many years. The Vermont Marble Company sold the 270-acre farm to David and Addie Dickinson in 1925. It was transferred to David F. Dickinson and Pauline M. Dickinson in 1953. His son David J. and Anne Marie Dickinson became part owners in 1980. A 60-acre river meadow on the Walter Dunton farm was added in 1980. A 50-acre meadow in Proctor was purchased from Frank Lebo in 1980. The farm also included a mountain top pasture located in Whipple Hollow, just west of West Rutland.

Jonathan Reynolds built the house on the farm sometime before 1804. He had purchased the land from Colonel Mead for three or four otter skins. In the early 1800s Mr. Reynolds sold the farm to his son Morris Reynolds.

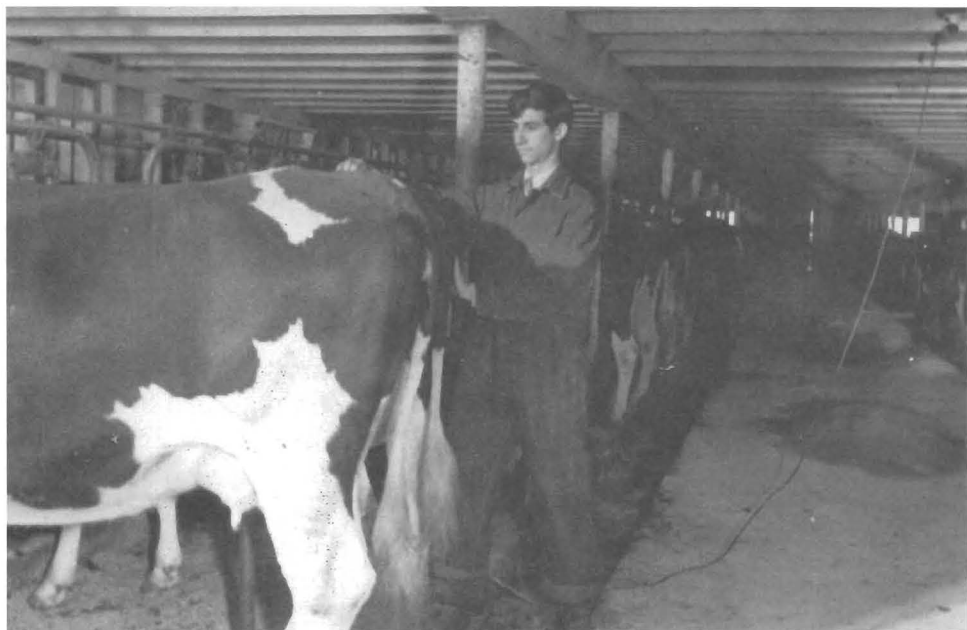
Life on the Dickinson Farm

By David Dickinson

Edited by Helen K. Davidson

The day David F. Dickinson was born both near tragedy and elation were experienced. While Addie Dickinson was birthing her only son, her daughter Gladys was excitedly helping Pa Dickinson with the horses and the hay rake. The large draft horse spooked and sent Gladys tumbling backward off the rake, hitting her head on the hayrack. Pa Dickinson suffered four broken ribs when he grabbed the rake wheel. Everyone ended up in bed – the new baby, Ma, Pa and sister Gladys.

The early years for David were spent as the little brother to three very confident and energetic sisters. David was the youngest child, loved as well as teased by the older, “wiser” siblings. Tending to farm chores and farm animals kept everyone busy. Berry picking, vegetable gardening and yearly canning, gathering cream from large milk cans, working the dairy rooms, and the feeding and cleaning of cows and calves, are small examples of daily farm life in the 30s and 40s.



DICKINSON FAMILY

Young David F. Dickinson working in the cattle barn.

The farm of classic red "A" frame barns would later grow into a large white, stanchion barn that could process milk through stainless steel pipelines and refrigerated bulk tanks. The local milkman would give way to wholesale milk haulers.

David has enjoyed the introduction of the automobile, all types of public transportation, and the amazing world of color television and color photographs. Yet, these changes didn't alter his love of animals and the need to keep the land productive. In the early 90s David began typing the family history into a word processing program.

His love of farm life was most evident when he was seated atop his tractor in the midst of a large field of just mown hay or as he leaned into the warm side of a strong milker. He has just celebrated his 80th birthday with both family and his friends of the "Ol Coots Club," who also keep him laughing.

When Dave is asked to describe the farm or its history, it's the people he will recall.

"Although our folks did not do much preaching to us as we grew up on the farm, they did teach us by example. Ma and Pa Dickinson did like to help people in town who were having a rough time of it.

"One time Charlie, a young farmer in town, came to see Pa Dickinson. It was the first year after his father had died and Charlie was short of money to start his spring planting. I remember Charlie sitting in our kitchen as he asked to borrow some money. It wasn't a large amount and Pa said 'O.K.'. They didn't even discuss the terms of paying it back. They just shook hands. Before the year was over Charlie had paid back the money and was still operating his farm fifty years later.

"On Pa's retail milk route, he would occasionally meet a family that was having a hard time of it. Mrs. J. had a large family of about ten kids when her husband died. Pa continued to leave the family all the milk they needed, even though they couldn't pay the milk bill. Mrs. J. voiced her concern about not being able to pay. Pa said, 'That's O.K. Just have a couple of your boys give us a hand in haying this year.' For several years we had plenty of help harvesting our crops. Mrs. J. raised her large family to adulthood and they all were successful in their jobs and professions. She worked hard bringing up her family. Fortunately she had an enjoyable later life.

"There were some trees on our farm that produced fruit that the people in town knew about and would come each year to check out. On our meadow near the river were several butternut trees that produced well. There were also a couple of crabapple trees whose apples made great jelly. In the drainage ditch near the highway, horseradish grew quite abundantly. The one rule about digging

horseradish was to put the top of the plant back in the ground so it would re-root and produce again. In the early summer our farm sometimes looked like a vineyard in Italy when the Italian ladies from Rutland would come to the farm to pick kale out of our field corn. It was quite a sight to see four or five of these ladies returning from the fields carrying as much as two bushels of kale wrapped in some kind of cloth balanced on their heads. They didn't even have to use their hands to carry their large bundles. Giving away these "wild" crops didn't cost Ma and Pa anything.

"Pa returned from his milk route one day and announced to Ma that he was going to an auction that afternoon in Tinmouth. He said they had some potatoes for sale and if he could buy them he could resell them on his milk route. After his return Ma said, 'Did you get the potatoes?' Pa said, 'Yes I did and I bought the farm too.' He really didn't need another farm but the farm was rather run down and sold very cheaply. In the weeks and months that followed, Pa let the tenant family continue their work on the farm. The agreement was that they would buy the place. They could use produce to make payments. They would 'sell' the cedar posts, maple syrup and any extra hay. This was working very well until the father, 'Frank,' decided he was leaving home. So the mother and two teenage sons were left to run the farm. The mother was very large and overweight but she continued to press on. After a few years, and quite a few cedar posts and gallons of syrup later, Ma and Pa Dickinson decided that the woman had worked long and hard enough and deeded the farm to her. This part of the story had a happy ending, as both the boys turned out to be ambitious and successful. The mother was able to live out her life in the farmhouse. One son turned to running a construction equipment business and his brother became a pilot. He hired out to a well-to-do industrialist and flew the gentleman in and out of many large airports on the east coast. It was quite a step from a small rundown farm to flying into major airports.

"People in our 'neighborhood,' which could be as far as 15 to 20 miles in radius, often were far more fascinating than they might be today. The fact that news reports and CNN didn't exist might be the reason. Here's one such example. Frank was a bachelor who lived a mile past us on our road. He was a real character. If he liked you he was real generous, but if you offended him he was real belligerent. At times he could be real antisocial. He lived with his mother and sister, but every once in a while, after an argument with them, he would move out to one of his barns or the milk-house. One winter the Dickinson family worried about his health as he took up residence in his milk room with only a portable 'Nipco' heater to stay warm. All

were afraid the fumes would do him in. But Frank was a survivor.

"When the State of Vermont rebuilt Route 3, Frank showed how stubborn he could be. The state took land from most of the landowners on the road and Frank wasn't left out. The trouble was that at some time Frank had put his mother's and sister's names on his property deeds. When Vermont made payments for the land taking, they had to put all three names on the check. Frank knew the check would be coming in the mail so he told the people at the town post office not to give the mail to anybody but himself. However, when the mail came with the check for the land, somebody forgot and gave the mail to Frank's sister. This caused a feud that went on for years. The sister wanted to cash the check and divide the money, but Frank didn't want the sister to get any of the land sale proceeds so he refused to endorse the check. After many months the check was still in a lawyer's office in Rutland. Frank was so upset with the post office for giving the letter to his sister that he refused to get his mail at the post office from that time on. After a short time he had bushels of mail built up.

"Many farm people make good neighbors and friends. One such person was Jarvis, who ran the farm next to ours. When there was any serious illness in our family he would stop every day to inquire about the condition of the family member. We knew that he cared. We also exchanged work with each other, which was a big help to both of our families. When Jarvis finally became sick of trying to make a living on his little sixteen-acre farm, he moved to Chazy, New York, to a farm with many more acres and more barn room. It was an empty valley without Jarvis and his family. We missed them very much, but we realized why they wanted a bigger and better farm. Special sugar - on - snow nights in the great farm kitchen, with the steaming, warm pots of boiling sap, remain a strong memory.

"Another family that was very helpful to our family was the Allen Mills family of Whipple Hollow. Their farm was about ten miles from our home. However, we became involved when my father purchased a mountain pasture about one quarter mile up on the hills behind the Mills farm. The access to this pasture was through the Mills farm. We became a real pain in the neck to Allen and his family. We had to unload our cattle trucks near their barns and I'm sure we were an inconvenience. However, never once did they complain to us over the ten years we were trespassing through their property. At one time our cattle were running right through Mrs. Mills' flower garden and yet she never complained. The Mills family showed more than a fair share of understanding.

"On our farm it was always a big item of interest to the young folks when one hired helper would leave and another would move into our tenant house with his family. We usually hated to see one family leave, but right off we would start making friends with the new family, hoping there would be some new kids in our age group.

"One interesting family was that of Fred Pockett who stayed on the farm for four years. Fred had five daughters and no sons. Some of the daughters were very attractive and there were soon a number of young men from town who came to see the girls. During the four years at our farm, two of Fred's daughters married. Each time Fred's family had a wedding, Fred would come to see my mother and purchase two of her chickens so that Mrs. Pockette could prepare a chicken dinner for the wedding reception. After the second reception my father said to Fred, 'Gee Fred, this is getting kind of expensive for you, having to buy chickens all the time for weddings.' Fred's answer was, 'Heck no, If I can get rid of the expense of raising a daughter for the price of a couple of chickens, it's a real good deal.' When Fred finally left, he had a few less daughters at home and Ma Dickinson had a few less chickens in her chicken coop.

"Sometimes as teenagers we could be a pain to guys who worked on the farm. One young guy named Wallace stayed at our house. He



DICKINSON FAMILY

(l to r) Caroline Dickinson and Agnes Dickinson (two of David's sisters), David, Wallace Fredette (farm hand) and Gracie Shedd (a cousin) pose at the Dickinson homestead.

was real husky and physically fit and liked to brag how rugged he was. We had a cousin from Connecticut who was on Yale's track team. He was very rugged and pretty tough. After waiting several months for our cousin Earle to show up, the day finally arrived for Earle to visit the farm. As teenagers, we kept egging both of them on, trying to build up a confrontation. After Earle had his supper, we all came around to witness the big battle. Our hopes were dashed because as Wallace entered the farm kitchen, our hero Earle entered from a different part of the house. The only problem was Earle was riding in a wheel chair. He had found it in the house and thought it was a good way to postpone the fight that we had been promoting. We never did find out who was the best gladiator - Wallace or Cousin Earle.

"After my sisters grew up and left, I started going around with some of the guys I had known at Rutland High School. One friend, Cyrus, said he knew a girl named Pauline that he thought I would like. Cyrus arranged a blind double date for us. We went to a square dance in Wallingford. We had a lot of fun and a week later we went roller-skating in Brandon. I made one trip around the rink, landed in a chair and stayed there all night. Pauline and I seemed to get along very well. She had a nice, easy smile and seemed to enjoy my crazy sense of humor. We expected this was a date for one night, but it turned into a lifetime together.

"One date that we won't forget was when a friend of mine was on leave from the service. Dave R. came during the day while I was working. That night Pauline and I were going to visit my sister, so I invited Dave R. to come along. At first he refused, but I insisted so he said O.K. That night as we drove to Rutland, a practical joke popped into my head. I said 'Lets' pull a trick on Pauline. You get in the back seat, out of sight. After we have gone along for a short time, sit up, pretend you're drunk and say 'Which way is it to West Rutland?' Everything went according to plan. However, as Dave R. sat up and gave his monologue, Pauline got very frightened and started screaming to high heaven. I had to pull the car off the highway to calm her down. We decided not to try that trick again.

"Another date I will not forget was on a night we went to the movies at the Paramount Theatre in Rutland in 1947. Our weather had been quite a rainy spell. There had been some warnings about high water. When the movie was about half over, the projector stopped. The house lights came on, and the theatre manager walked out on the stage in front of the screen. He said that the East Pittsford dam above Rutland had broken loose. Rutland was in danger of being flooded, and he advised everyone to go home. Pauline and I went to her

home on Hopkins Street. The radio stations were broadcasting flood warnings. Pauline's father, who was a police captain, came home and told us it was a very serious situation. Low areas in Rutland were flooding and he advised me not to try to get to the farm, because many electric lines were down, trees were uprooted and houses were off their foundations. I stayed the night.

"At dawn I borrowed a pair of boots and started for the farm in Center Rutland. I quickly saw the damage from the high water. The water level had receded but trees, electric wires and parts of houses were scattered all over the streets. There was about one foot of slippery mud on the pavement, which made it very hard and slow walking. When I finally got past the worst of the obstacles I was able to start jogging. I soon met my father coming in his pickup truck. Not only was he wondering if I was O.K. but he also needed help to milk fifty cows by hand. All electric power was off, and it took the power company several days to get the power restored. Our buildings were out of harm's way. The acres of planted corn on the river meadows were buried by the silt and floodwater and needed to be replanted. Our riverbanks were covered with lumber from bridges and homes that had been destroyed. We considered ourselves very fortunate to have escaped with so little damage to our farm.

"My relationship with Pauline became more serious, I decided it was time to give Pauline an engagement ring. So I thought, 'How do I pay for a diamond?' My pay on the farm was very low as far as cash was concerned. However, I had obtained some young stock that I was raising and so I chose to sell a bull named Duke to buy the ring. Duke was shipped to a commission sale. I cashed the check and headed for Munsat's Jewelry store where I was able to purchase a very nice 'keepsake' ring. Most people value their rings by how many carats there are. I kidded Pauline that her ring was valued at 'one bull' instead of one carat.

"I presented the ring to Pauline at a Sunday picnic at the state park. Pauline accepted the ring and our relationship was now official. Plans to get married meant we would be living in our 'tenant house' on the farm. This called for a lot of improvements. It took many hours of work, wall papering, painting, a new foundation, a new bathroom and furnace. The house looked like a different house when it was time for us to move in.

"On 29 May 1948 we were married at Christ The King Church in Rutland. On 18 February 1949 our son David J. was born. Everything was very happy on the farm until 1953, when Granma Dickinson became ill and was taken to the hospital for surgery. The doctor

thought it was an attack of gallstones. When Pa Dickinson returned from the hospital he was visibly upset. It was the only time I had ever seen him cry. He told me the surgeon had found an advanced stage of liver cancer and he thought that it would be terminal. We called my three sisters to come home and we started an around the clock vigil at the hospital. Mom never regained consciousness and a few days later gave up the struggle to live. We were all crushed because we were not used to having a death in the family. As the weeks went by Pa Dickinson adjusted to living alone. My sister Caroline came home and stayed for several months. Pa Dickinson also hired a housekeeper for several months.

"One night I received a call from the farmhouse that Pa Dickinson was having a spell of some kind. We called Dr. Ryan. He came quickly to the farm. He told us Pa was having a stroke of some type. The doctor called an ambulance and sent Pa to the hospital where he laid in a coma for six weeks. Finally Pa returned home. His speech was impaired and his right side was completely paralyzed.

"Gladys and her husband Bernie came to live on the farm, as Pa required a lot of care. Pa was mentally alert. But despite the excellent care that Gladys and Bernie gave him, after several months he passed on. At that time, I became the boss man on the farm.

"Pauline, David, and I had moved into the brick house on the farm and this made room for the hired worker to live in our tenant house. We were fortunate to have several different families that stayed for rather long periods of time. During these times Pauline was having a lot of trouble with her health. We had been blessed with our first and only son David J., and he became very involved in our farm life. David J.'s early accomplishments as a herdsman were revealed early in his life. He won the Vermont Best Boy Award for raising and showing of our Holstein cattle through 4-H and the UVM Extension Service Program. He repeatedly showed and took high ribbons at the Eastern States' Exposition. David J.'s love of cattle would lead him to become the next Dickinson son to operate our farm. David J. studied Agricultural Economics at the University of Vermont in the 1970s and graduated with honors. He briefly worked as an Agricultural Economist within the state. After graduation he married Anne Marie Ferrari of Rutland and returned to work on the farm. Until his unfortunate death in 1997, David J. and Anne Marie worked on the farm tirelessly. Their efforts increased the farm's herd, as well as the farm's crop production. Anne Marie continued to work the farm after David J.'s death until 2001. She then became Pauline's greatest advocate and caregiver until Pauline's death in 2005. Anne Marie continues to manage the crop lands and is dearly loved by all of us."

During the early years of Dave and Pauline's marriage, Dave and other farmers struggled to lead a coalition for milk price subsidies called The Vermont Dairy Emergency Council. A delegation traveled to Washington, D.C. at the invitation of Senator Aiken. When the group gathered to await President Johnson's arrival they were surprised to hear from Senator Aiken that the President wasn't able to meet with them. "The President's not got his trousers even on yet," reported the senator. The council did meet with the Secretary of Agriculture and discussions were held. It was a high level meeting for a grass roots group. It was something that the larger New England Co-op members hadn't been able to arrange. The council's efforts did garner media notice locally, and their work created a strong bond among the Rutland County members.

Farming and the price of milk remained at odds throughout most of



DICKINSON FAMILY

Members of the Emergency Council included (l to r) Jesses Billings III, Ed "Babe" Pomainville, Andre Lajeunesse, Frank Haas, Harold Billings, David Dickinson (Chairman), Jarvis Russel, Leonard Korzun, Bernard Spencer, John Squires, ? King, Red Torrey, and Mike Russell.

Dave's and his son's careers. Yet, the work to protect farmland and river meadows was always as important to both father and son as the milking of up to 130 head of cattle and its products.

Near the end of the Vietnam War and the rise of technology, the Dickinson Farm continued to produce Holsteins and manage croplands and woods. The woods surrounding Muddy Pond and the back ridge west of the Rutland Country Club were focal points for road development more than once during the 70s and into the 90s. Each time, Dave and David J. maintained arguments that

protected these tracts of land.

David and David J. worked with agencies to protect water and marsh areas. The meadowlands of the farm are now secure for birds and water animals. David's work as a farmer was not his job, but his identity and life. His work and life were always based on the principles of caring for family and the earth. The two were integrally linked. David's faith was rooted in his love of God's bounty, which could be witnessed in the natural beauty of the farm and in the lives it gathered to it.

"Although we had had a son in 1949, we had also hoped we might have a daughter. During the late 50s we approached Vermont Catholic Charities (VCC) to talk about adoption. Soon a social worker came to our home to evaluate us and we were approved. A long wait began for the right child. A lot of effort by VCC was put into finding a child that would match the rest of the family. Nationality, color of hair, color of skin, color of eyes and intelligence were traits used to match a new child with our family.

"After several months, we were informed that a baby had been born and we were given a date to come and pick up the newest member of our family. It was with great excitement that Pauline, David J. and I took off for Burlington to bring home David's sister. When we got to the VCC we were escorted to the nursery where we saw our daughter for the first time. Her health was excellent, and we were able to go home with our new little bundle of joy. David was very happy to have a sister. We named our daughter Joan Elizabeth.

"Joan graduated from St. Michael's College with honors in 1982. She married George Saunders shortly after graduation. They became parents of four children, Morgan Elizabeth, Ryan James, Connor Patrick and Linnea Marie. Our lives have been even better with this lively brood. When a couple adopts a child they should realize that they also will be getting a couple of family trees.

"In the late Eighties things were going quite well on the farm despite the fact that the milk price was falling quite rapidly. The prices of necessary equipment and supplies to keep our farm operating were also rising rapidly.

"About that time, I became aware that my blood pressure was giving me problems. Doctors tried to find the medicine that would work best. On Sunday 5 September 1989, my sister Margery came to visit. After chores were done, Pauline, Margery and I went to Mass at St. Peter's Church. We then went to Howard Johnson's Restaurant for an evening meal. Margery stayed for a short time before returning to her home in Manchester, Vermont. I had cut my finger on some barbed wire earlier in the day and had trouble sleeping. Pauline went

downstairs to get some aspirin and when she returned I had trouble opening my eyes. I told Pauline I could open my eyes if I wanted to, but she didn't believe me, and called David J. I insisted that I felt O.K. I did not have any pain or discomfort but was transported to Rutland Regional Medical Center. The next morning my doctor informed me that I had suffered a stroke. A CAT scan had proved him right.

"Pauline and Marge had stayed all night, as they were afraid I might not make it. I stayed in the hospital for several weeks and found that recovering from a stroke can be a long road, especially as compared to a tractor accident. Years earlier, I had survived a rollover of a tractor only a few hundred yards from the house. My broken leg kept me, literally, one leg up (in traction) for 8 weeks. This time the leg wasn't so cooperative about mending.

"While in rehab for my stroke, I found out how helpful a sense of humor can be. The good attitude of my nurses was a great help. A nurse's advice was very important in helping me to keep a positive outlook on my future recovery. One day in the rehab gym one therapist told me I would be confined to a wheelchair for the rest of my life. I went back to my room very down in spirit. When I told my nurse what had been said she told me not to pay any attention. 'No one can tell what's going to happen down the road and do not give up,' she said. I've been very thankful to that nurse for her advice. I have maintained a positive attitude and I feel it was a great help in the progress I made toward recovery.

"At home I needed a great deal of assistance with daily routines. The Vermont Nurses Association sent both nurses and aides to help me. Sara was the first nurse I had and was like one of the family. She had gone to school with my son David and I had gone to school with Sara's mother, Charlene. In fact, Charlene's parents had a square dance band and when they held practice sessions all the teenagers in town were welcome to come to their home to square dance. Not only did it keep us busy and out of trouble, but we were some of the best square dancers around. Life can be strange. More than fifty years ago I was square dancing in Sara's grandparent's home and now fifty years later their granddaughter was my caregiver.

"Another nurse was Micheline, better known as "Mike". She kept threatening to body-slam me if I didn't follow orders. She kept me on a strict diet as I had gained too much weight. I was at the hospital for therapy one day and I jokingly slipped a note to the receptionist asking the reader of the note to call the police as the two women were confining me against my will.

"Actually, I was given only carrot soup made from Micheline's

recipe: 'Take one carrot, attach to fish line on end of fishing pole. Lower into boiling water for one minute. Remove carrot from water. Discard carrot and serve liquid. One serving equals 24 calories.' Most of my nurses and aides were just as determined to give the very best service. Some crossed rivers in boats. Some skied to homes when cars couldn't make it. As a recipient of their care, I later tried to give a little back. I became a board member for the Rutland Area Council on Aging's project to increase elder care and accessibility to technology.

"One unforgettable person I met was from the Rural & Farm Rehab project. Ellie was attracted to Vermont because of the skiing. She came up from New Jersey and worked several jobs before starting a goat farm. She would rise at two in the morning, milk her goats, go to work until three in the afternoon as a health aide, and then return to milk the herd again. Once a week she would drive across the state with a refrigerated tank truck of goat's milk. When I first met Ellie, I told her 'Vermonters don't milk goats' Ellie replied, 'That's O.K. because I came up here from New Jersey.' "

Although David's later life has been much different than his youth, his love of being an active person hasn't changed. He has helped to organize and participate in the wheel chair races for the Annual Crowley Race. He has visited with family at the Baker Lake Camp, located at the Point of Pines on Lake Bomeseen. This lake house was originally a part of the Dickinson family properties, and its history includes many memories of fishing and swimming, as well as Casino dances by the lakeshore. David has attended barbecues, concerts, town meeting, and his Rutland High School reunions, which always found Pauline broadly smiling next to him. His acceptance of his new life has been a profound example of his boundless patience and belief that you can enjoy a day, find a purpose, and love being with others. It's that simple.

"Living my life on a farm with work, play and even tragic events, I have met many interesting people. Farming is a hard life, but it certainly can be full of love, happiness and caring as my life on this farm has been."



Above: David and wife Pauline share a happy moment. Below: (l to r) Daughter Joan (Dickinson) Saunders, David, Joan's daughter Morgan, Pauline and David J. Dickinson with cow.





Wedding picture of David and Pauline Dickinson in 1948

The *Quarterly* is published by the Rutland Historical Society, 96 Center Street, Rutland VT 05701-4023. Co-editors: Jim Davidson and Jacob Sherman. Copies are \$2 each plus \$1 per order. Membership in the Society includes a subscription to the *Quarterly* and the *Newsletter*. Copyright © 2007 The Rutland Historical Society, Inc. ISSN 0748-2493.